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The Echo



SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SAN FRANCISCO

CAL.

"You may fool all the people some of the time,
And some of the people all the time,
But you can't fool all the people all the time."

Abraham Lincoln.

Strong- est Purest Uniform Grained



Salt is the smallest item in the expense of a family, and the poorest people can afford to use the best; it has an affinity for the kidneys and acts upon them powerfully; when pan scale is ground up in the salt or when it is otherwise strongly impregnated with limy matter, it tends to produce "stone on the bladder" and other derangements of the kidneys and urinary organs. Some brands of salt have a coarse, uneven, gritty grain, while THE HIGGIN'S EUREKA SALT IS JUST RIGHT, it being not only pure, but each grain is a natural globule or crystal; and although it costs much more to manufacture than any other salt, the price is but little higher than some other brands, with which consumers should compare it.

DODGE, SWEENEY & CO.
AGENTS.

THE ECHO.

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S. F., November, 1894.

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ILLUSTRATED.

This is
the
shape of
a woman's waist
on which a corset tight
is laced. The ribs deformed
by being squeezed, press
on the lungs till they're
diseased. The heart
is jammed and
cannot pump,
the liver
is a
tor-
pid lump
the stomach
crushed, cannot
digest: and in a mess
are all compressed. There-
fore this silly woman grows to
be a beautiful mass of woes,
but thinks she has a lovely
shape, though hideous
as a crippled ape

This is
a woman's
natural waist,
which corset never
yet disgraced. Inside it
is a mine of health. Outside
of charms it has a wealth
It is a thing of beauty
true, and a sweet joy
forever new. It
needs no artful
padding vile
or bustle big to
give it "style."
It's strong and solid
plump and sound, and
hard to get one arm
around. Alas! If women
only knew the mischief that
these corsets do, they'd let
Dame Nature have her
way and never try her
waist to "stay."

THE DUCKING OF MR. DICK.

(Continued from last issue.)

BY J. L. HARBOUR

THE pond, which was a large one, was not more than three or four hundred yards from the school house. The water was six feet deep at the very bank of a point nearest the house, and this was the place chosen by the boys for the ducking of the poor, unsuspecting Mr. Dick.

His surprise was all the greater because he had no suspicion of what was in store for him until the boys approached him.

They had, in accordance with a previous agreement, been meek and obedient all the morning. Mr. Dick had been pleased with their conduct, and glad to note that all was so calm in a quarter from which he had reason to expect rebellion.

He was standing on the platform watching some of the small boys playing leap-frog, when Bryan Thayer stepped up and said, with a leer:

"We want you, Mister!"

"You want me?"

"Yes, we do. You come along with us."

Mr. Dick's face flushed at the boy's insolent tone and manner but his voice was steady as he asked, "What do you want of me?"

"You come along and you'll find out," said Bryan, and Nat Brace called out, jeeringly:

"We might as well tell you right now that we're going to duck you!"

"Duck me!"

Yes, sir; we're going to pitch you into Lowrie's Pond, yonder."

"Oh, you are?" said Mr. Dick. He was pale instead of crimson now, and his eyes shone, but his voice was steady.

"Yes, we air!" said Phineas Joyce. "And if you don't come along peaceably, we'll fetch you. We mean business!"

Mr. Dick glanced at the boys in silence for a moment. The other pupils had gathered around, breathless with excitement.

Continued on Page 4.

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EDITOR'S COLUMN

THE exact date of the next issue of THE Echo has not as yet been definitely settled. It will be a special holiday edition, and will make its appearance some time during the hollidays. Special pains will be taken with it so that the subscribers will be

well repaid for the delay in "getting it out."

We would like to thank LAURA T—— for the kind contribution she has sent us. We wish there were many others who would do likewise.

The political fever* is at an end. The Republicans have swept almost the whole country, and but few Democrats received any offices of importance at all. We sincerely hope it is a sign of better times.

We are still waiting for original stories by amateur writer for our publication. It seems that getting original manuscripts is like pulling teeth, for contributions so far are few and far between.

It is needless to inform our subscribers that we are again late as usual. Announcing it in our paper seems like a well worn "chestnut." Only bear with us a little while and we'll turn out all right.

The Japs are steadily advancing to Pekin. Port Arthur has fallen into their hands, and the road to Pekin is thereby made much easier.

Continued from Page 2.

Some of the girls began to cry. Sammy Pike, who had just been saying that he "juth loved Mither Dick," ran and hid in the woodshed, weeping.

Sally Redding was afame with indignation.

"Shame on you!" she cried, pointing her finger scornfully at the four boys. "You're a pack of great cowardly bullies—that's what you are! You're four to one and you've waited until there were four of you, because you didn't dare touch the teacher single handed. Don't you go a step Mr. Dick. We girls will fight for you!"

She interposed her small, slender self between the teacher and his assailants, and stood there with clinched fists and flashing eyes.

The boys sneered and jeered, although some of them had the grace to wince and flush at Sally's truthful words. But Mr. Dick laid his hand lightly on Sally's shoulder and said, with a smile:

"You are a real little Trojan maiden, but I cannot have you waging war for me. I think it best to yield gracefully, if I must yield. Now I will go with you,

boys, but don't you lay a hand on me to force me into going. I will go quietly along without giving you that trouble."

He started forward.

"Don't ye try to run away," said Phineas Joyce, "for we can outrun ye any day."

"I run away from you!" said the teacher, in a voice and with a look that made Phineas turn scarlet and hang back to escape that strange, contemptuous, searching look in the teacher's eyes. The cowardly boy would have fled had he been alone.

With the exception of Sammy Pike who, peeping from between the cracks in the woodshed, wept aloud, the whole school followed the teacher and boys to the pond, many of the smaller children trembling and sobbing.

"You will kindly allow me to take off my coat, that I may have at least one dry garment to put on when I come out?" said Mr. Dick, when they stood on the very edge of the bank of the pond.

"Off with it, then," said Hiram Beal.

The other pupils had fallen back, and the teacher and the four boys stood alone on the bank.

"Thank you," said Mr. Dick, gently, as he threw off the coat, took a long breath, stood erect, and added:

"Now I am ready."

A strange thing happened then. The children saw it with staring wondering eyes and speechless lips.

Bryan Thayer and Nat Brace had been standing directly in front of Mr. Dick. Now, with the word "ready," came two dull, striking sounds, and Nat and Bryan went reeling and yelling backward into the water.

Hiram Beal stood at the teacher's right. Mr. Dick turned suddenly; his right arm shot out swiftly in his white shirt-sleeve, and the admiring small boys saw the muscle swell and rise as Hiram fell near the pond and rolled in by the teacher.

Phineas Joyce turned to run away, but Sally Redding clung to his coat-tail as he passed her, and held him back.

He would have struck her, but Mr. Dick had him by the collar and dragged him back, while he cried:

"Oh, please don't teacher! It's all Nat Brace's fault! He put us up to it. L—l---o-o-h?"

In went Phineas with a mighty splash.

Nat and Bryan were climbing up the steep bank, six feet high here, with chattering teeth, but Mr. Dick sent them both back into the water. Then he said:

"Now, boys, I have heard that you have said that it would take 'muscle' to rule you. Very well; here is muscle for you."

He bared his white arms to the shoulder as he spoke, clenched his fists, and bent his arms back and forth at the elbow. There was muscle indeed for them, and trained muscle at that.

"Now," said Mr. Dick, as he rolled down his sleeves, "I sincerely hope that this is the last exhibition I shall have to make of my muscular ability in any way. You boys may come out of that water and go home and get some dry clothes."

The memory of this lesson, coupled with something Phineas Joyce read a day or two afterward in a Wayne paper and told to his comrades, greatly increased their respect and admiration for Mr. Dick.

Phineas had read that at a certain athletic exhibition recently given in Wayne, Mr. Timothy

Dick had carried off all of the honors, and that he had won the victory in a hotly contested boat race.

It was not long before the boys came to admire and respect Mr. Dick for other reasons than his unexpected and superior muscular powers. His coming to Rose Lane marked the beginning of a new and vastly better epoch in the history of that school.

THE END.

• • •

Eau.

Mary Jane sat with her beans,
For six long hours with the
gas turned lean;
And when he said he had to
geau,
It affected her seau
That she exclaimed "Oh! neau
neau
Don't geau.

Miss J. NEUGASS.

The first scene in the drama reminds one of a course dinner, the supe generally comes on first.

PRESS NOTES.

The exchange list for this issue consists of the following publications:—

The Monthly Banner, Life, The Milliputian, The Newsboy, The Seattleite, Thoughts, and The Golden State.

We would not think that "Life is but an empty dream" when looking over the last issue of Life. There is nothing empty about it, and its columns are decidedly full of interesting matter.

Through the kindness of Mr. D. G. Baxter of the Yosemite Valley we are in receipt of an amateur publication dated thirteen years ago which is a namesake of ours. It was read by us all with deep interest, and we will treasure it as a keepsake.

We are in want of space hence there are short press notes this issue.

Conundrums.

When has a lady going to Europe most reason to feel flat?

When she is aboard,

Why do we buy gloves?

Because we can't get them for nothing.

KOMIC.

Father (meaningly)—Want a new sled, do you? The other day I saw a beautiful sled that a boy no older than you had made himself.

Small Son—Wot a awfully mean, stingy father that poor boy must have.

When Mons. S— the French Consul in Quebec, was putting his house in order for his bride, he found many things to be done. And after his marriage, when some Americans were passing the evening with them he alluded to the ancyances in this wise: “My house is filled with reapers.”

“Reapers?” said his wife, “pray how do you spell reapers my dear.”

Slowly he made reply. “R-e-p-a-i-r-s of course”

Stranger—“Say, will you be kind enough to ask that officer where Bleeker Street is?”

Citizen—“Ask him yezsilf. Yez hov a toongue.”

Stranger [pleadingly]—“Yes, but I don’t know a word of frish?”

They were standing at the

front gate.

“Won’t you come into the parlor and sit a little while, Georgie, dear?”

“N-no, I think not,” replied Georgie hesitatingly.

“I wish you would,” the girl went on. “It’s so awfully lonely. Mother has gone out, and father is up stairs groaning with rheumatism in the legs.”

“Both legs—sure?” asked he.

“Yes, both legs.”

“Then I’ll come in.”

Remember though box in the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox should be ox-en, not oxes;
And remember though fleece in the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose isn’t gooses nor geeses:

And remember though house in plural is houses,
The plural of mouse should be mice and not mouses.

Mouse, it is true, in the plural is mice.
But the plural of house should be houses not hice.

And foot, it is true, in the plural is feet,
But the plural of root should be roots and not reet.

WRONG BOX

A freshman in a college in the city was anxious to mail a letter. Having been told to drop it into the red box at the corner, he hurried out of the building and ran down the street.

He saw a red box but could find no opening in which to put a letter. He searched for any possible directions, and noticed in large letters "Ring twice."

He rang twice and waited to

see what would happen, expecting a door to fly open into which he could drop the letter. Suddenly an open buggy dashed up, and a man in blue uniform jumped out.

"Where is it?" he demanded.
"Here it is, thanks. Please mail it at once," said the freshman.

The fire-captain dropped the letter into the box across the street, reported the alarm false and went back to the station.

Don't be Woozy

Jack Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean,
Indigestion was the cause; it surely must have been;
Had they lived in the age of Popsin gum's discovery,
FAULTLESS CHIPS (the gum that's round) would aid in
their recovery.

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Good baking powder is needed
To be sure use

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